

The Frances Shimer Record

December, 1923



Mount Carroll, Illinois



Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils. Use this form for bequest:

FORM OF LEGACY

also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGOdollars for the purposes of the Academy as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefore, withinmonths after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (here describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purposes specified in the Act of Incorporation

Write the Dean concerning annuities.

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The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago. The Treasurer, Dean and Bookkeeper are under fidelity bonds

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The Frances Shimer Record

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LITERARY

A Thanksgiving Thought

The autumn sun is sinking
And the sky is red and gold,
And I've just been thinking
Of a story that is old.

The story of thankful heart
For the blessings of every day,
The story that at the start
Was scattering joys along the way.

Now in the soft twilight
I offer a modest prayer,
For all the world is right
And God is everywhere.

Ruth Barker, Academy '24.

It Started from a Fight

"G'wan, y' big stiff. I guess my Dad's 's good's yourn, so he is."

"How d'ya know? Ya aint even seen him. Bet ya aint even got a Dad."

"I have, so there, and he's just 's good 's yourn, too."

Two small boys faced each other with fists clenched and feet well apart like two young cocks all ready for a fight. "D'ya wanta fight?" continued the first youth as he thrust a swarthy glowering face into the face of the other, whose expression, by the way, was about as amicable as that of stray, hungry bull pup.

With almost a single movement the two youngsters were clasped in each others' embrace, a squirming, wriggling mass of arms and legs, rolling over and over on the grass—biting, pinching, kicking and pounding. Not a word was uttered. Not a sound could be heard but

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their hard breathing and the impact of an occasional hard little fist on some part of the other's anatomy. Back and forth they rolled, up and down.

There was a silent spectator of this little scene; a man, dark of skin, with ragged dirty clothing. He was typical of the class known as the "great army of the unemployed." He had been listening to the argument for some time, and had grown more and more interested as it became hotter. The one youth proclaimed his nationality by his red hair, blue eyes, and freckles. The other was smaller in stature with brown hair and olive skin, and one did not need to hear his soft accents to tell that he was an offspring of sunny Italy. The fact that this boy evidently came from the same Motherland that he himself had come from gave the man a personal interest.

Somewhere in Italy, in some dirty little village was a boy; his son. He was younger than this boy—no, perhaps he was about the same age. Time passed so quickly and it was a long time since Guido Ramano had thought of his son. Ramano had come to America when the boy was but a baby. He was to find a little truck garden and then send back for his wife, Maria, and the baby. But the truck gardens are not easy to acquire in America when one has little money and no friends. Gradually Guido's funds dwindled. He became despondent, and then came that black day. A letter, it was from a neighbor telling of the death and the pitifully poor burial of Maria. The same neighbor offered to care for the boy until Guido should see fit to send for him.

Then ambition left Guido. He neither knew nor cared how he would get the boy. Penniless, he seldom even knew where his next meal would come from. He grew more and more shiftless and did not even try to find work. He was known and scorned by all as "that Dago."

Here was a boy of his own nationality championing his father. Guido's mind went back to his own son. Perhaps he, too, was fighting with some other lad to prove that he, Guido, was just as good as some other man—some man who was providing a home and food for his family. That "something" which we term manhood, and which had lain so long dormant in Guido, fluttered and raised its head. Where was his boy now? Did he eagerly watch for a letter with the money to take him to America to join his father?

Without so much as a parting glance at the boys, who had so changed the course of his life, he disappeared.

Time passed. Guido worked hard at labor which makes the back ache and the hands callous, but he had finally earned enough money to pay his son's passage to America. He was happy, as he had never been before. He counted the days until the boat should arrive. At the pier no one was quite so jubilant as he. No one, perhaps, had been degraded, as Guido had, and had come his own again as a man.

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Guiddo had cause to rejoice, for today, after long years, he was to see his son again, his and Maria's. And there in the midst of his joy came an overwhelming shame for the wasted years of his life. There came also a resolve to atone.

But sorrow again awaited Guiddo, for the boat arrived carrying, not his son, but a letter, saying that the neighbor was dead, the boy was no longer in the village, and no trace could be found of him. Once more Guiddo went down into the depths. The spark of his manhood hung in the balance. Then there came the thought of that small son of Italy saying, "My Dad's 's good 's yourn." Somewhere his son—

Guiddo the man had triumphed. He was Guiddo the Dago no longer. And somewhere there was a smaller Guiddo saying, "My Dad's 's good 's yourn."

Muriel Preble, College '25.

A Play in One Act

Scene: A small, drab room, perhaps in a garret, perhaps in a cellar. It is very bare. The furniture consists of two well-worn chairs, a table, and a long bench, conveniently placed before a little low fireplace. Within the fireplace is a flickering, comfortable fire, the kind of a fire that transforms the humblest of rooms into a royal chamber, gilding each piece of furniture. There is a small window, high up, through which the frosty stars glitter uncertainly.

Pierrot and Pierrette are sitting before the fireplace on the bench. There is no need to describe them to you. You know Pierrette—Pierrette of the fluffy skirts, the gay young voice, and the lightest feet in the world. And Pierrot—Pierrot the clown, the troubadour, he of the pointed cap and the roguish smile. To be sure you know them. They are old friends. Often you have seen them gaily singing and dancing on their way, bringing joy and gladness to thousands of us poor mortals who are not blessed with dancing feet and light hearts. Every summer they pass through our town with such light steps that many plodding, prosaic souls do not see them at all, and say scornfully that there are no such people as Pierrette and Pierrot. But you and I know better.

Only in summer when the sun shines and the earth is green and warm and covered with flowers do Pierrette and Pierrot dance their way over the world. In winter no one ever sees them. Few ever think of them, except perhaps, when it is very cold and they long for summer. Then they remember that happy-go-lucky pair and smile a moment at the recollection of Pierrot's last joke or Pierrette's final, tinkling laugh.

Now, however, we see the two in their winter quarters. They are sad, so sad and disconsolate that we cannot believe they are truly themselves. But one look at a soiled, once-pointed cap by Pierrot's side and a dusty, shabby tambourine near Pierrette assures us that

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these two harbingers of joy are humans after all, for they can be sad just like the rest of us. They are sitting huddled together, gazing into the red, warm coals, both very silent. Finally Pierrette speaks:

Pierrette: Life, Pierrot dear, isn't what it's cracked up to be. (Can this be her voice? We thought it was more musical, more lilting.)

Pierrot: That's slang, my love, but it's true. (He might have been a professor of rhetoric, had he possessed less imagination.)

Pierrette: (Drearily.) In fact, I don't think life is anything at all, except—except snow and soot and cold and hunger.

Pierrot: (More lightly.) Ah, now, my dear, not so fast. Remember that there must be an end to all things—even winter. Summer will come again. It always does.

Pierrette: Yes, but—perhaps, perhaps this time it won't. Perhaps summer has died. Oh, Pierrot, what if we should never dance again? What if there should never be any more flowers or green grass or warm sunshiny days?

Pierrot: Pierrette, don't talk like that. You frighten me. (He is struck so forcibly by the idea that he shudders a little.) No more summer? No more dancing? No more—(He gives a forced laugh.) How foolish you are, my dear! Of course summer will return.

Pierrette: Yes, of course it will, but it seems as if no winter was ever as long as this—or as cold. (Her voice is as dreary as the winter itself.) Even the fire seems to feel the gloomy atmosphere and ceases its cheerful crackling. The shadows in the corners of the room grow bolder and advance, almost obscuring the few pieces of furniture. After a moment of silence, the fire, a little piqued, possibly, at the lack of response to its glow gives up in despair. Only one hopeful little coal remains red; the others subdue into grayness.

Suddenly a light is seen through the window. It seems to swing back and forth as if it were keeping time with someone's footsteps. There is a rap at the door. Pierrot and Pierrette both jump to their feet at once and gaze at each other in blank bewilderment. No one ever comes to their door nowadays. Pierrot, being the man of the house, opens the door. A tall mild-looking gentleman stands on the threshold, and as both Pierrot and Pierrette are too astonished to say anything, he speaks first.

The Gentleman: How do you do, Pierrette and Pierrot? I trust I have not inconvenienced you by calling at this unconventional hour?

The Two: N-N-N-No—(They are unable to say more, but we, being more calm, have had time to record our first impressions of the new comer.) We instantly say to ourselves upon seeing him, "Why, what a perfectly delightful old man!" He is old, and pleasantly so. His smile is sweet and his manner courtly. There is about him just a faint suggestion of Mid-Victorian days. On the whole he is an ideal gentleman—a little old-fashioned, but ideal just the same. He has probably left his lantern outside the door, for it is not apparent when

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we see him. His face, however, seems to be still illuminated by its light.

Pierrot: Won't you come in and sit down, sir? You must be rather chilly, for the night is cold.

The Gentleman: I appreciate your courtesy, Pierrot, but you do not know who I am. That might alter the case.

Pierrot: (Magnanimously.) Whoever you are, you are welcome to what little shelter and comfort my humble home may provide.

The Gentleman: Well said, my boy, but if you will allow me, I will first state my name and errand. (He extends a small business card.) You will see by my card that my name is Algernon Pettigrew, honored member of the International Association of Burglars and Pickpockets. I am a burglar by trade, as picking pockets does not appeal to my taste. I have come here as a representative of the Association in the hope that I may appropriate something of which is of value and at the same time totally unnecessary. Our Association, you see, is absolutely fair and just. We relieve people of the things they don't want rather than those that are precious to them, thus establishing amicable relations between the burglar and "burglared."

Pierrette: Why, what a clever idea! I always thought a burglar was a horrible wicked man but—but I rather like you! Do you carry a gun?

The Gentleman: Never. The fact is, I don't know how to use one, and if I did carry it about in my pocket, I should feel uncomfortable every minute, fearing that it would go off, you know.

Pierrot (pompously): We are very glad, sir, to meet a member of your great Association. Please be seated.

The Gentleman sits in one of the chairs which Pierrette has pulled up before the fireplace. When he has settled himself and stretched his feet toward the fender, a strange thing occurs. The fire blazes up suddenly in a bright burst of flame. The shadows are instantly dispelled, and as if by the same miracle, the faces of the two young people become gay again. They begin to talk like old friends. What they say cannot be recorded. It is too incoherent and too intimate. Therefore, let us draw the curtain and let them talk for a half a hour or so.

As the curtain goes up, we hear Pierrette's voice first of all—as merry and musical as it was last summer. She is talking gaily, happily. And Pierrot chimes in with a healthy laugh. The burglar is still sitting in the chair gazing at them like a benevolent father. We begin to understand their conversation.

Pierrette: But, Mr. Pettigrew, I had completely forgotten. You came here to take away something—something of value, yet unnecessary.

Mr. Pettigrew: I had forgotten also. I am getting old and absent-minded. It is late now and I should be at my office. Come now, dear young people, what shall I take?

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Pierrot: Why, let me see—(he looks about the room) what have we to give him?

Pierrette: Not a thing that I can see. We haven't anything.

Mr. Pettigrew: Nothing?

Pierrette: No, not even food—or money.

Mr. Pettigrew: This is a terrible situation. Do you mean to say you were starving?

Pierrot: Well, you see, it is winter and we cannot dance much, so we must wait until the summer comes again.

Pierrette: And, oh, the long, long waiting. Before you came it seemed as winter were eternal. Now—now, I'm beginning to believe in spring again.

Mr. Pettigrew: But what shall I take with me? I must take something or lose my position.

Pierrette: I wish we had something to give you—I would give you anything, but, alas, our few valuables went ages ago for food.

Mr. Pettigrew: Can you think of nothing you would like to be rid of? Nothing that is of value? Nothing that you dislike?

Pierrot: We dislike nothing except winter.

Pierrette: Oh, Mr. Pettigrew—can't you take away the cold, cold winter, and give us spring?

The Gentleman (smiling softly, like a spring breeze): Who knows? Perhaps I can. (The light in his face spreads through the whole room, making it radiant. Through the window we suddenly see sunshine and flowers and green everywhere. The young pair gaze about in an ecstasy of joy.)

Both of them: Spring! It is spring again! (They turn to the Gentleman). Oh, Mr. Burglar, what are you doing? Who are you?

The Gentleman: This is your reward, Pierrette and Pierrot, for brightening the lives of everyone in the universe. With your dancing and singing, you make thousands of lives happier. And so I have taken away winter that you may be at your joyous task again. Good bye, and God bless you.

The Pair: But who are you? You are no burglar. (He has vanished—we do not know how nor where. And with him every trace of winter has gone also. Pierrette and Pierrot seize hands in joy and gaily dance to far-off music that seems a part of the spring atmosphere. We see them last tripping gaily out-of-doors, intent upon their happy work.)

"But who was the burglar?" you ask. That is the question. Who was he?

Elinore Smith, College '25.

Pictures of the Night

Cornstalks stacked against each other
And standing out against the horizon;

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Cars as they move silently along,
Throwing circles of light and disappearing
We know not where into the night.

Flashes of light, gleaming through
Darkened windows, prove that the
Search for Nebbuchadnezzar has not
Closed, even though the rest of the fickle world is
Wrapt in slumber.

Dawn breaks over the slowly
Awakening maidens and, with dawn,
Comes the clanging of the bell and
The strains of "Academy will shine today."
Thanksgiving day has indeed begun
At Frances Shimer.

Evalyn Black, Academy '24.

Sketches from Life

The Day Before Christmas Vacation

"Fran-n-n-ces, hey Frances, ask Joan where my lavender sweater is. Oh yes, she did borrow it, years ago and I do wish she would bring it back."

The voice of my next door neighbor came shrilly through the thin partitions of College hall.

"Gee," I thought, "will people ever get their own clothes back? Here it is the day before Christmas Vacation and"—the thought struck me, my own closet too, was filled mostly with other people's clothes. As I sat contemplating this, Frances came bounding, into my room, yelling:

"F'eavens sake, Marie, have you my blue silk scarf or my jade earrings?"

Since I was trying to finish my English History term paper, I answered without rising to help her look, "Yes, dear, it is in the food closet on the floor underneath those cracker sacks, I mean the scarf is, and the earrings are, I think, in my soap box. Look for yourself, infant, I am ungodly busy."

Many moments ensued while I again tried to concentrate my poor mind upon the "Universities of the Middle Ages" to the tune of "Nobody knows but my pillow and me" which was being played on the squeakiest vic in the hall. Just as I was writing my best sentence in the whole theme Frances called from the depths of my closet, I found it, but it was in your galosh.

Well, Dumbell," I answered, "get out, can't you see I'm studying?"

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"I can't see how you'll get much done," she answered, "we can plainly see you are a new-girl. An old timer would never leave a theme until the last minute."

"Get out!" I cried, with much fervor. And she fled, not even stopping for the earrings.

Silence reigned for at least a half a moment and I nearly finished my paper, having had such a long time to think in. But my peace was short-lived. The door opened and in flopped Genevieve.

"Say, Marie, do you have my blue canton, I think I loaned it to you for the tea?"

"Yes," I answered, "it's hanging in the left hand corner, I think." Finally she emerged, arms full of dresses and sweaters, and she said, "I recognized these so I'll take them back for you and maybe I'll get a comish!"

"Step to it, old dear," I answered, "I'm glad to have you do it."

"At last, I thought, all the borrowed things are gone and I can finish this old theme." But—

"Lorene," called Imogene from the landing, "ask Marie for my yellow sweater."

"Yes, I have it," I answered because I had heard Imogene say she had not time to look for the sweater.

"I'll throw it out the side door. Come and get it, you Purple Idiot."

By the time this was done I was beginning to wish I had never borrowed even a pin and also that there had never been any Universities in the Middle Ages. But I couldn't write any more until I took an inventory of my own clothes, since "they" were uppermost in my mind.

When I gazed into my closet it was almost empty. A few dejected dresses hung limply on their respective hooks. "F'even's sake," I cried to myself, "I must gather up enough to wear home at least, before the girls have them packed."

When study hour came, I had most of my own clothes and I dumped them on my bed and vowed I would finish that disgusting old theme.

Well, I thought, I'd better read over what I wrote this afternoon to get the connection. This is what I read:—

"The career of Abelard's lavender sweater coincided with the first steps in the rapid bringing of a blue silk scarf to commercial and political importance in the ancient stronghold of the counts of Paris. The military strength of the Island City galosh was the principal instrument in the rapid aggrandizement of a Purple Idiot."

I fell back in horror, "Where, oh where, had my brains gone,—well—it is hard to say, but I had learned a lesson. My mottoes henceforth and hereafter are, "Do not borrow" and, "Do not put off any kind of themes until the day before Christmas Vacation."

It doesn't pay—!!

Beth McCallum, College '25.

The Day After Christmas Vacation

As the sound of the tinkling bell dies away, Mary Lou rushes in to the classroom, late as usual. She whispers "hello" to Ruth in the next chair and seats herself next to the window. The teacher, Miss Jackson, rises with an inspiring expression and announces that the class will continue the work in English History where it left off before Xmas vacation. We shall begin with the Tudor dynasty.

For the first time Mary Lou realizes that all the gaities of Xmas holidays and her thrilling vacation are at an end. It is quite a severe jolt to her. Mary Lou gazes out of the windows and her thoughts wander far astray from the classroom and finally settle on the last date she had with "Bill."

He was a perfect ole' dear that last evening and he brought candy and flowers for her to enjoy on the train. But most exciting of all, he told her that he was taking up the insurance business. He was working for the Home Insurance Company and someday he wanted to——!——!!——!

"Mary Lou, what is the Tudor Policy?" It is this question directed at Mary Lou by the teacher that brings her back to earth.

"Oh!, wasn't it the Home Insurance Policy that he organized, oh——er—I guess I don't know," stammers Mary Lou.

The teacher stares angrily at her and confirms her last statement, "I don't believe you do."

"Wilma, take the question."

At this a girl in the front row opens her eyes and jumps up.

"Oh, yes, Miss Jackson I will take anything for you; glad to——er——where shall I take it?" replies Wilma.

The teacher bites her lips and glowers angrily at her, "Where have you been?"

"Oh! where is my pin? er-a-er but how did you know Miss Jackson?" inquires Wilma in a puzzled tone.

"Will you please concentrate on English History and leave pins behind with Xmas festivities," says the exasperated teacher.

Miss Jackson decides that the class will abandon that question and proceed to the next one.

"After the death of King Edward VI," she continues, "who ascends to the throne of England as King and Queen? Marjorie, will you answer that?"

Marjorie, dreaming like the others, comes to with a start.

"Yes, er-er--a-I did lead the Queen of Spades and Geraldine trumped it. That gave the game and a large score to our opponents."

"Girls!" demands the outraged teacher, "Will you ever recover from this post-vacation stupor of parties and beaux that you are so absorbed in this morning. Well, Dorothy, do you suppose you could possibly tell me who Somerset was and what he accomplished?"

Dorothy begins bravely but somewhat timidly, "There is only one person that I know er-er-a by the name of Somerset and a-er- I am afraid he wouldn't be exactly the right person."

"Yes, yes, don't hesitate to tell us all you know about him and I am sure we will be glad to help you straighten out the facts in your mind," Miss Jackson encourages in reassuring tone.

"Somerset was the captain of the Illinois football team last year. I met him at a fraternity dance that I attended at the homecoming. He was oh! so good looking and I did fall so hard because he was such a marvelous dancer——!!"

Flop!——!! this is too much !! *** !! Miss Jackson gasps and drops into her chair and dies from the shock.

Thus ended the tragedy of the first-hour class after Xmas vacation.

Garland Kellogg, College '25.

That English Theme

A theme assignment is to me as the proverbial sword doubtless was to Damocles. It hangs suspended above my head for a seemingly interminable period and its completion gives me the vaguely uncertain relief that the sword must have given that worthy Roman gentlemen when finally the hair gave way beneath the strain.

My first step, after an assignment, is to forget as rapidly—albeit as thoroughly,—as possible, that assignment. Yet—it is hardly a step—born of long practice it has become rather an introduction—a preamble to the necessary work.

As a rule I am rudely interrupted from my comatose state by the entrance of a frantic classmate—"two pages still to copy and only fifteen minutes to do it!"

This is my cue, and I seldom miss it. I yawn delicately and inquire—"What English theme? Oh yes, I remember, but—what are we s'posed to write about?"

That is a striking line, but I am apt to overuse it. Once — but that is another story, and I still have this theme to write.

I continue idly whatever I may have been doing at the girl's arrival, but inwardly I am seething—seething with thought. After all the really first step in a theme is to find something to write about and I am nothing if not methodical. I rarely—in fact—I never write a theme without first deciding on a subject. I have been abused for this often and often, but it has almost become a principle. I am adamant.

As a rule I take an idea that may be developed by hyperbole. My one—though rather dubious in value—talent lies in the line colloquially known as "hot air"—though the substance may be nil, the sum is immense.

I write,

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Words pour from my pen, thoughts drip from my ink—I write on and on, and know the thing I write to be true genius—I can see myself reading my manuscript in class, rising and bowing casually to the plaudits of my amazed classmates—I am extolled in the Literary Digest as a new find—and then the bell rings—and I still have a theme to write.

Mary Brenneman, College '25.

Please See Me

"Thank goodness, school is over for the day and now I can rest in peace!" I exclaimed coming out of the Zoology lab. I had no sooner said these words than Betty appeared out of a window in College Hall and shouted:

"There's a 'Please see me' over on the bulletin board for you."

Oh horrors! What have I done now? The thought of that little blue slip of paper signed E. M. made my heart sink to the bottom of my shoes. With trembling knees and a faint heart I turned my steps towards Metcalf. A thousand little crimes that I had committed in the past few weeks passed through my mind. I felt like a drowning person going under the third time. Oh yes, I skipped gym yesterday—could that be the reason? But it was the first time I ever had. Maybe someone reported me for washing my hair in the bathtub last Saturday. Yet, no one knew about it but my room-mate. Last week I ate five apples and threw the cores out of the window. Perhaps Fred found them in front of my window and reported me. And then last Monday night, there were more than three in our room making unnecessary amount of noise. Miss —— paid a call. I slipped quietly into the closet until she had made her departure. Suddenly I remembered that our pennants were glued to the wall. What could it be? Still more little affairs filled my guilty conscience. Last Sunday I played my victrola all day with a pin. And yesterday I forgot to throw my gum away before going into the dining-room and was forced to stick it under my plate.

I was so occupied with my thoughts that I didn't see the pipe extended across the two saw horses, protecting the newly planted grass. I woke to the fact that I was sprawled on the ground in a very ungraceful manner and much to my embarrassment, I felt the eyes of the school gazing upon me. I jumped to my feet and dashed into the hallway of Metcalf. Suddenly I remembered my mission. Yes, there was the little blue slip "Please see me at once," signed E. M. Blindly I stumbled thru the crowded hallway and took my place in the long line outside of the office. Minutes seemed like hours. Visions of being sent home flashed thru my mind. I should die of disgrace. Everyone would point me out as the "girl who was expelled."

Just one ahead of me now in line. Fainter and fainter I be-

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came. I could hear the meek apologies of the one before me for something she had done or failed to do. Then with a sickening feeling I found myself face to face with—why she was smiling!

"I just received a letter from your mother asking if you might leave a day earlier and I have decided that you may."

I found myself too weak to reply.

Catherine Haskell, College '25.

Study Hour

Between the hours of seven and nine,
When we are particularly sour,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation
That is known as the Study Hour.

We hear in the hallway above us
The clatter of hurrying feet;
And we know that the schoolday's over,
And now comes that hour so sweet (?).

Some whispers, and then a silence,
Quiet reigns over all,
And every girl is striving
To answer duty's call.

We wade through Trig. and Latin,
We wade through English too,
And all of the other studies
That are given us to do.

The minutes pass swiftly by,
And just about nine, without fail,
Comes a tripping of feet on the stairway,
And we know it's the evening mail.

So we bury our noses in its contents,
And settle down once and for all;
At nine comes the end of our troubles;
Then a shout, and we we're all in the hall.

Marjorie Rastede, College '25.

EDITORIALS



The Chaperone

Perhaps we are among the people who consider the chaperone a necessary evil. If this is so, why is it? Is it because she makes herself unpleasant or because we do not have the right attitude toward her? Is the fault hers or ours?

We must remember that if we are bored with our chaperone she is bound to be bored with us. She, in all probability, would much rather be with friends of her own choosing. She is doing us a favor by giving her time when she might be spending it more profitably.

Are we college students unable to carry on an intelligent conversation with an older woman? None of us would be willing to admit that this is true, yet we frequently groan with resignation, at the thought of having the company of a chaperone. This may be due to the fact that we have been conjuring in our minds the picture of a prudish, sour, old lady, watching our every act with a hawk-like criticizing eye. This is a phantom of the past—it is an unreality, and we do the chaperone of today an injustice when we think of her in this light.

Come on Shimerities, let us show our chaperones that we enjoy and appreciate them!

"Warm or Cold"

It was at breakfast, Wednesday morning, the first morning of school at Frances Shimer. One of the "old" girls sat at the head of the table. She smiled sweetly at us "new" ones, and asked that question, "Warm or Cold?"

Warm or cold what? We had not the slightest idea, but with one accord we smiled back, answering either "warm," "cold," or "both please." At least, we realized that our first important question was before us, and an important decision was to be made.

So it is all thru life. From some unexpected quarter comes a question. It is fired at us point blank, and we must be able to answer quickly and definitely. Good advice is cheap, and it always sounds like a myth when one says that much depends on the ability to make quick decisions. This is in the same class with the good advice given about the value of a college education and the learning attitude, but really when these things are analyzed, they are the things

which really count after all, are they not?

While one is wavering at the cross-roads ("the cross-roads," by the way, is a beautiful sentiment—rather uplifting and all of that) another who can choose quickly and wisely will set out on one road or another and reach the goal while the first just cannot decide.

So the next time the head of a table asks "warm or cold," do not look helplessly about, but answer immediately and then do not regret the choice. This decision is in itself unimportant, but remember that "great oaks from little acorns grow."

"Warm or cold?"

"Cold, Please."

Student Government

Student government is a much discussed problem here at Frances Shimer, and though it has been argued pro and con, from every conceivable angle, I've been thinking more and more about it recently, and I have come to a very definite conclusion.

Student government would be an overwhelming success here, were it not for some few individuals, who for one reason or other have been keeping it back. I know—for I am one of them, and after hearing a discussion at Y. W. C. A., I can realize it.

I haven't meant really to do wrong. I've just thought—"Wouldn't it be fun to go to such-and-such a place?" And we've gone. Or—"No one's ever done such-and-such-a-thing—s'pose we could?" And we have. But I'm not proud of it now.

I think that perhaps a lot of girls had the idea that I had when I came to Frances Shimer. I'd been reading little bread and milk stories of exciting happenings at girl's boarding-schools—midnight feasts in the attic, bunking parties, laughable practical jokes played on teachers and girls alike—and I had a sort of idea that the more mischief you got into—somehow I always thought of the term "mischievous pranks" as applied to such episodes, and never anything serious—the more one had with which to regale one's audience at home, and possibly, at some far off time, one's grandchildren.

And now I know. I haven't been "playing girlish pranks" while laughing up my girlish sleeve. I've been getting myself—and worst of all—I've been getting other people, into trouble. I've thought all along that it was rather clever—I think—I gloried in my shame. I didn't do it for notoriety, as someone thoughtfully asked me.

I didn't, to be perfectly frank, expect that the campus and faculty would know of my escapades, they were all unpremeditated, and—I didn't mean to trouble anyone.

All this won't mean anything to you if you've been playing your part, but if you've been like me, perhaps you'll dimly understand how I feel and what I mean. After all, in student government, we each have to lose our individuality, if we want to put it across; it isn't just "You and I" but it's the Student Government at Frances Shimer.



Thanksgiving Game

Two more days!!—One more day!—Every night each girl at F. S. S. marked off, on her calendar, one more day until Thanksgiving—the day of the big hockey game between College and Academy.

The day dawned at last, and at nine o'clock the game began. The college team came dashing out. Each girl in red stockings, and white sweater, college colors. A loud yell burst forth from the college group. Then the academy team came running out, with their colors, gold and white. Again a great outburst.

With frantic cheers from the onlookers, the game began, and all through it the large crowd was held spell bound. The second teams played first, and at the end of the time, the score was two to two, so they played seven more minutes, and during this time the crowd was held speechless, but academy got the ball, and rushed it down the field and made the score three to two in academy's favor.

The first teams played, and they flew up and down the field so fast, that one could hardly keep track of them. One minute the crowd would be yelling, and the next it would be held speechless. When the game ended, the score was four to nothing in favor of college. The college girls just about went mad with joy, because it was the first time that college had ever beaten academy.

The line-up for the first team was as follows:

College		Academy
Eastabrooks	Goal	Martin
Meredith	R. Wing	White
Macy		
Preble	R. Inside	Thompson
Brenneman	C. Forward	Black

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Charleton	L. Inside	Hinshaw
Allen	L. Wing	Dial
Rice	R. Half	Huntley
O'Boyle	C. Half	Adderley
Dean		Murray
Clendenen	L. Half	Touzalin
Keighan	R. Full	V. Smith
Parker	L. Full	Irwin

On the college team Preble made two goals and Brenneman one foul and two goals. On academy team Martin and Huntley each made one foul. The line-up for the second teams was:

College		Academy
Klein	Goal	Eaton
Rastede	R. Wing	Hamilton
Mercer	R. Inside	Perry, S.
Carpenter	C. Forward	Brown
Caille	L. Inside	Myers
Nisbet		
Dennis	L. Wing	Hamlin
Gore	R. Half	Berck
		Miller
Oliver	C. Half	Barker
Burkhart	L. Half	G. Fenske
Varty	R. Full	Beery
Wales	L. Full	Kleaveland, M.

On the college second team Carpenter made one goal, Nisbet one foul, Dennis one foul, and one goal. On academy second team, Hamilton made one goal, Perry one goal, and Brown one goal. Myers made one foul.

Judging from the hoarse voices the next day, one would think that the game had been very exciting.

News

Telmanyi, The Violinist

Among the distinguished foreign artists who occasionally visit Mt. Carroll there have been none more artistically satisfying than Emil Telmanyi, the Hungarian violinist, who appeared in Metcalf Hall Wednesday evening, November 14, in a most comprehensive program, and proved to be all that had been promised and expected. It was a rare pleasure as well as great musical profit to sit through the wonderful recital. One scarcely knows what to admire most in his work, which is so nearly perfect in every direction, and to speak in detail of his pro-

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am, is only to say that each number was the expression of highest musical art. It is seldom that an artist evokes such unqualified and unanimous praise, but Telmanyi found unusual favor with the audience from the very first number, Tartini's "Devil's Trill," wherein he did some magnificent playing, particularly in the well-nigh impossible cadenza, and right then and there proved that he belonged to the elect.

and the first aim of every young aspirant before the public. It is seldom that an artist evokes such unqualified and unanimous praise, but Telmanyi found unusual favor with the audience from the very first number, Tartini's "Devil's Trill," wherein he did some magnificent playing, particularly in the well-nigh impossible cadenza, and right then and there proved that he belonged to the elect.

The third (and last) group, beginning with Bach's exquisite Air and ending with Hubay's Czarda. Scene No. 2 offered every possible variety of all that goes to make fine playing. All technical problems like double-stopping, pizzicato, harmonies, he carried through thickets of difficulty with securest feeling and with his flawless intonation, steady bow, and sure attack, he brought from the heart of his instrument tones rich in color and satisfyingly beautiful. He was chary of his encores but finally played Chopin's "E Flat Nocturne" before he was allowed to depart in peace. He had throughout the evening the adequate support of Hubert Carlin at the piano, who added to the pleasant impression left by a previous appearance here. He gave his best powers to aid in the presentation of the program, adding much to a success possible only where there is a sympathetic and intelligent ensemble work. It was a rare occasion and one that gives Frances Shimer just cause for congratulations.

Student Recital

Forget Me Not	-----	Louise Wright
	Dorothy Irwin	
March	-----	Krogman
	Wilbur Irwin	
Scotch Poem	-----	Mac Dowell
	Kathryn Manns	
Gavotte in C Major	-----	Rudolph Friml
	Dolores Charlton	
Air in d minor	-----	Dancla
	Maxine Montgomery	
Minute Waltz	-----	Chopin
	Muriel Preble	
Irish Lullaby	-----	W. Caven Barron
	Janet Miller	
A Madrigal	-----	Chaminade
	Maurine Bogert	

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Butterfly -----	John Densmore
June Teeter	
(a) Raindrop Prelude	} ----- Chopin
(b) Prelude No. 10	
Fay Good	
Solo e minor -----	Leonard
Beth Hower	
Impromptu -----	Hugo Kaun
Lillian Bowman	
(a) Lento (From Two "Pierrot" Pieces) -----	Cyril Scott
(b) Coasting -----	Cecil Burleigh
Louise Dennis	
My mother bids me bind my hair -----	Hadyn
Ellen Burkhart	

Thanksgiving Day

What thrilled you the most on that grand and glorious Thanksgiving Day? Was it getting up so early in the morning, or the hockey games, or the dinner, or the Prom? But maybe you were like me, so thrilled about all of them, that you couldn't tell which thrilled you the most. Really, was not just everything done to make us happy that day?

Never before has there been so much "pep" shown by the students here as there was early in the morning. Every College girl was ready and waiting in the lobby when the rising bell rang and, as that bell pealed, they poured out onto the campus. Such "pep" has seldom been shown before. Academy had turned out almost as early as College, and gave their clever songs and yells.

And that dinner! I'm sure that none of us will ever forget how lovely dining room looked with the shades all drawn and the red candles giving the only light. The class tables looked pretty, too, with the flowers and ferns, the nut cups, and place-cards. The whole meal was delightful. Just think—four courses! I'm sure that there isn't another girls' school in the land where they had as good a time as we did on Thanksgiving Day nor half so nice a dinner.

Then after the dinner came the songs. Each class toasted in song everybody from the Dean to its rival class. Then last and best of all, our Dean gave a toast to everyone.

Vespers

October the twenty-first, Miss Hostetter had charge of the vesper services. She gave us an enjoyable account of her visit in Greece last summer, and illustrated her talk by showing us many beautiful things she had brought back with her.

Miss Brown had charge of the vespers the next Sunday evening, and she read us an interesting essay by Alexander Meiklejohn on "College and the Common Life." Mabelle Mest, a former Frances Shimer girl,

who was here for a week-end visit, sang a beautiful sacred song.

On the Sunday evening of November fourth, Dean McKee spoke to us in Vespers. He told us he thought we should have a better school this year than ever before, because of an increase in equipment, in faculty, and in enrollment.

Miss Bean had charge of vespers, November the eleventh. Her subject was "Religion and Literature." She read us extracts from various great pieces of literature, that had Biblical references in them. It was really surprising to see how many literary masterpieces have references to the Bible.

November the eighteenth, the Y. W. C. A., Cabinet gave a little playlet entitled "An Adventure in Friendship." Margaret Hermann had charge of the opening services and after a song and a prayer, the play was given. Ellouise Ballstadt and Alice Keighin were College girls, Mary Branson impersonated the spirit of the Y. W. C. A., Jane Weaver typified Japanese girlhood, Florence Rice stood for the girls in South America, and Katherine Macy for the starving refugees in the Near East. The play was well worked out and very much enjoyed.

November the twenty-fifth, Miss Fox had charge of vespers. She read to us one of the prize stories of 1921, chosen so by the Society of Arts and Sciences. It was a story of the East Indies, "The Heart of Little Shikara" by Edison Marshall, and the story had all of the lure and mystery of its setting.

Miss Schuster led vespers, on December the second, and we had a very enjoyable music program. We sang many beautiful old Christmas carols, and listened to many other Christmas numbers on the victrola.

The last Sunday evening before the holidays we had vespers in "the lounge" immediately after "dry lunch." Miss Jacobson was in charge, and she read Dickens' "A Christmas Carol," while we all sat about on the floor. It was just such a cozy Christmas like atmosphere as could be appreciated before it was time to leave our F. S. S. home for the holidays.

Movies

We have had two especially good movies during the past month. The first one, "The Prisoner of Zenda," had all of the thrill and romance the girls appreciate so much. The other was taken from one of Jack London's books, "The Call of the Wild." It was a dog story and Buck, the star of the picture, proved that dogs can be nearly human.

A few weeks ago, "Nanook of the North," an educational film, was shown in the chapel. It was very interesting to see how the Eskimos lived and there were also many humorous touches.

Class Notes

College Sophomores

Have you noticed the College Sophs walking about campus the last two weeks with their heads a little higher? Have you wondered why?

The reasons is that we now have our sophomore pins. Really, they are the best pins and mean more than any sophomore pins at F. S. S., have ever meant before.

Perhaps you are wondering where we practiced our toasts for Thanksgiving. Since the walls of the Spanish room can't talk, this will ever remain one of the mysteries of the school.

And did you notice the college sophs on the hockey team, and the way they followed their captain, Eddie, a college soph, of course, and upheld the spirit of college?

On December tenth, the college sophs had tea in McKee parlor. We enjoyed this evening together as it gave us an opportunity to become better acquainted with each other, and with our counselor. We hope to spend many such evenings during the year.

Since the college sophs have received their privileges, they are beginning to feel what a wonderful thing it is to be college sophomores. The freshmen look at us with envious eyes as we stroll leisurely back to school from town, while they must hurry in order to be on campus by five. "Oh, isn't it a grand and glorious feelin' to be a college soph?"

College Freshmen

On Monday afternoon, November twelfth, the College Freshmen became acquainted with their Counselor at the Tea which they gave in her honor.

They gathered in the reception rooms of College Hall, at three o'clock. Later the ball room was opened and the dance began with "Lil" presiding at the piano. We were sorry that the class enrollment was greater than the number of dances played, for each one wanted to dance with Miss Allyn at least once.

During the intermission. Leah Jane Johnson read a humorous selection, "The Carpenter Man"; and Maxine Montgomery played, "Toll At Twilight" on her violin.

"The Freshman Prom"

Thanksgiving Day was brought to a successful close by the Freshmen Prom, one of the biggest events of the year. Although the day had been started early and everyone was already tired enough, all were present in full dress. The grand march was headed by two bell boys, followed by Miss Allyn and Beth McCallum, leading the entire student body. The procession might have been compared to a rainbow, for the array of dresses of various hues, of shimmering and sparkling materials, truly upheld the name.

The Prom was carried out in the color scheme of black and white checks with red roses. This was cleverly done by transforming the ballroom into a large checkerboard box with rose lights and roses in a colorful contrast. The other rooms had checkered and rose curtains, with rose light. The programs were miniature hat boxes of black and white.

The curiosity of the guests was aroused by the appearance of two large boxes which stood in the ballroom. When the time came for the special number, their purpose was explained, for out of them gaily hopped a Pierrot and a Pierrette, who in their artistic black and white costumes, entertained the audience with a clever dance. This happy pair proved to be none other than our own Gene Bagg and Alice Smith.

Those who did not dance enjoyed the music, the fashion display, and the merrymaking. All were served with ice cream roses and black and white cakes. One could not help but be happy in such a company, all of whose faces reflected the Thanksgiving joy of their hearts.

Senior Class

Since it was necessary for the Seniors to be "A, Number one" in their Thanksgiving Toasts, Janet Miller very graciously invited us all to her home for the evening of November twenty-eight to practice our songs. When we had sung our throats quite hoarse and it was nearly time for study hour, there was a grand scramble for coats. As we were leaving, we had a most delightful surprise,—Janet said her "good-bye" with luscious big popcorn balls.

Nebuchadnezzar, beloved elephant and mascot of the Senior class, is under reformed conditions namely:

1. When in the arms of a Senior, he is not to be touched by a Junior.
2. When he is in the arms of a Junior, he is not to be touched by a Senior.
3. There is to be no fighting for, nor about him.
4. If the Juniors find him where the Seniors have hidden him, they may take him, after letting the Seniors know that he has been found, and hide him themselves. Then it is the Seniors' turn to find him.
5. Twenty-four hours' notice must be given by either class before he can be removed from his hiding place, on days other than those set for his hiding appearances.
5. He may be brought out without this notice on Thanksgiving, at the Senior Prom, and on Class Day. He may be taken out two other times at the will of the class if this notice is given.

"With Apologies to Milton"

Weep no more, woeful Seniors, weep no more
 For "Nebby," your mascot, is not dead.
 Sunk he may be beneath the blackened earth
 As sinks our sorrow with the sunset red
 And yet anon repairs her dropping head
 And tricks her beams and with new-spangled mirth
 Flames new hopes for us in the morning sky.
 So "Nebby," sunk so low though mounted high

With the aid of those who cherish him so dear,
Keeps patient 'til the Seniors' steps come near
And take him from those un-deserving arms
And hide him safe forever from all harms.

M. Marshall, Academy '24.

The Senior Play

The Seniors presented on November twenty-fourth, "Mrs. Bumpstead Leigh," a comedy in three acts.

Josephine Hamlin as Justin Rawson represented the stern but typical aristocrat of New England. His sister, Miss Rawson,—Elinora Kier,—could tolerate only people who had blue-blood in their veins. She was most anxious to have her nephew Anthony—Evalyn Black—marry a certain Violet De Salle—Melba Marshall—. The De Salles, mother, Violet; and an older sister, clever but charming—a true "social climber,"—Mrs. Bumpstead Leigh,—Myra Willsey,—were touring "the states." They had condescended to visit in the home of the Rawson's even tho they claimed their descent from the English nobility.

The plans were developing smoothly when Betty Atwood as Peter Swallow, a "tumble dealer" from Missionary Loop, Indiana, appeared. In his humorous way, he tried to prove that the De Salles were imposters from his home town. Mrs. Leigh was too cunning to be caught, but finally, Violet, tired of living a lie and in love with Geoffrey Rawson, confessed their guilt. Violet and Geoffrey then announced their engagement and won the consent of the Rawsons thru another artful plan of Mrs. Bumpstead Leigh. Thus a great catastrophe was averted.

The senior class hopes that Miss Jacobson knows how much they appreciate her efforts to make the play such a great success.

Junior Class

On Friday night, November 16, 1923, all the seniors paid Miss Morrison a visit at room 10, Metcalf Hall, and we juniors, not being quite as dumb as the seniors like to picture us, "took the tip" and got busy. We divided up into small groups and quietly, but thoroughly ransacked the whole campus. Meanwhile, some of the little sophomores, curious by nature, as all sophomores are, decided that something unusual was going on, and that they should defend their older sisters; so they all came up out of the gym, and those girls searching Hathaway had very appreciative spectators for their queer antics on top of the third-floor partition. At 6:45, all but one of the groups had returned tired, dirty, and discouraged. At 6:47, to be exact, the last group came limping in, very tired, decidedly dirty, but very happy for Nebby was theirs. As we afterward discovered, he had been found in the West Hall trunk room. It's too bad the little sophomores hadn't stayed at home, isn't it? The seniors wondered why we didn't hunt more, and thought we were dead. They

were informed, "Still waters run deep." Guess they know what that means now.

But to go on, they discovered Nebby's absence on Saturday night, November 24, 1923; and on the first of the following week, oh, how this campus was searched, rooms, attics, basements, floors, ceilings, and even the insides of the boilers and air pipes; but Nebby was safe in his coal pile.

Thanksgiving dawned clear and crisp and Nebby was still ours. Of course we had him on Junior table, all decorated in green and black; but it really seemed as though he belonged in his customary place on Senior table.

We are really glad the seniors now have him. Congratulations, Seniors! And see to it that you keep him this time.

Hallowe'en Prom

"Have you seen the orchestra, Marge? They're just darling—all of them young. And they look too sweet in those clown costumes"—this from Ruth, who was leaning over the banister at a dangerous angle.

"Wonderful! I hope we have good music—Oh look, the juniors are in costume, too. Aren't they saucy-looking in those green and yellow clown suits? I think—sssh—the grand march has started."

Marge took Ruth's arm, and the two marched down the stairway with the rest of the merry makers, led by Miss Mitchell and Martha Barnhart, class president.

The reception hall gave a suggestion of what the ball room was like—jolly yellow pumpkin faces placed over the side-lights, and corn stalks stacked in the corners. The ball room was weird-looking, quite in keeping with the spirit of the evening. The room was in semi-darkness, a mellow glow coming from the grinning pumpkin faces. The windows were draped in black and yellow, and the four pillars were hidden behind corn stalks.

O, goody, goody! I got a black one, Marge. Isn't he a pert little fellow?" exclaimed Ruth as she was handed a pumpkin-face dance program.

"This is the first dance. Hurry up and copy your program, Ruthie, dear," Marge begged, as she scribbled off her dances with surprising haste.

The first six dances flew by, and someone called: "Back against the wall, please, and don't crowd!" It was time for the special feature. The Spirit of Hallowe'en gave a sprightly little dance, and her attendants followed. Soon after this refreshments were served, consisting of cider and cakes. It was with sighs of "O, terrible, that awful bell"—and "I'm sure it's not time to go home," that the guests bade their hostesses a reluctant goodnight.

Academy Sophomores

Why were all we sophomores around the bulletin-board? It's because there was a note from Miss Broshar inviting us to a picnic in the woods on Monday, October twenty-ninth. We can assure you that we all had a wonderful time frying bacon and eggs and telling fortunes. We decided in the seclusion of the woods that we would start on our class songs for Thanksgiving Day.

On November fifteenth we held a meeting to discuss our Thanksgiving songs and chose a committee to use its talent toward that cause. We also chose our class colors, which are orange and brown.

People were asking why the sophomores were looking so forlorn. We certainly had reason to feel blue because "Ruthy," our president, while practicing hard for hockey, had broken her arm and had been obliged to go home. We all hope she may be back with us soon.

With Helen Cavanaugh acting as president, we went on with our songs and class business with our usual "pep."

Freshman Academy

What is wrong with the Freshman Academy class? They may be few in numbers but they do not lack "pep." They decided to make themselves heard on Thanksgiving day and to that end met on November nineteenth and appointed a committee to compose songs for the occasion: the president, Ethel Eaton, Elizabeth Adderly, and Betty Dolar.

These girls were most successful, and brought in short live songs:—to the Dean, to Miss Morrison, to their own class, to their sister class, and even to their rivals, the sophomores. Thanksgiving dinner arrived, and the class sang so well that they were complimented by the Dean in his speech.

Moral: It pays to do your best.

The dinner given by the girls for their counselor, Miss E. M. Parker, at Katie's on October twenty-second was a great success. Who does not love to get away from the school atmosphere for a few hours and enjoy one of Katie's chicken dinners?

Miss Parker entertained the class in College Hall, Monday afternoon, December third, at a Christmas party. The open fire, the red candles, the favors were all in red and green and added to the Christmas spirit. Everyone enjoyed the games and had a royal good time.

The Green Curtain

Early in October the governing board of the Green Curtain Dramatic Club held its first meeting. At this time plans were made for the "try-outs," and the activities for the first year were discussed.

Ten girls succeeded in passing the first and second "try-outs" and after living two weeks as "awful pledges" they were formally initiated on November fifth in College Hall. The ten lucky ones were—Evalyn Black, Josephine Hamlin, Myra Willsey, Garland Kellogg, Evelyn Fields, Ellen Burkhart, Leah Lane Johnson, Ruth Baron, Waltressa Lunt, and Maxine Corbin.

All of the girls of the club enjoyed the first social function, which was a tea given on December eighth in College Hall in honor of Miss Morrison, the club advisor, and Miss Jacobson, the dramatic coach.

The Dramatic Club has a talented membership this year, and F. S. S. is looking forward to extraordinarily good entertainments given by them.

The Diversion Club

The Diversion Club was organized this year with the following officers: Madge Hinshaw, president; Beth McCallum, vice president; Helene O'Boyle, secretary; Virginia Varty, treasurer; Miss Brown, counselor. It is sponsoring the organization of various other clubs, such



as the Art Club, the Literary Club, the Travel Club, and the Bird Club. The first party, given under the auspices of the Diversion Club, "Kelly's Stables," was a huge success as it is hoped subsequent ones will be. One of the dates which is left to the Diversion Club is for a vaudeville, which will be a great success if the girls will only do their share by cooperating in every respect. First of all—keep up your grades! It is hoped that this year will be the most successful year so far.

The Travel Club

The Travel Club was organized under the auspices of the Diversion Club at the beginning of this year. The officers for the year 1923-24 are the following: President, Virginia Varty; Vice-President, Jeannette Meredith; Secretary, Sophy Perry; Treasurer, Helen Stauffer. Miss Hostetter has consented to be the counselor of the club. The program committee plans to have many talks and lectures by the girls and the teachers who have travelled in various countries. The Club meets every two weeks before Sunday evening vespers. The members anticipate an interesting time.

Are you a member? If not, why not?

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. is undoubtedly the best known of the school organizations. Because the work includes so many fields it has been divided into sections with a committee in charge of each. The officers are as follows: Margaret Herman, President; Lois Wertz, Vice President Evelyn Caille, Secretary; Mary Branson, Treasurer; Miss Morrison, Faculty Advisor.

The duty of each committee is clearly indicated by its name: Social, Chairman—Ellouise Ballstadt; Membership, Chairman—Lois Wertz; Social Service—Florence Rice; Finance—Mary Branson; Religious Meetings—Alice Keighin; Publicity—Evelyn Caille; Religious Education—Jane Weaver.

The weekly meetings have proved most interesting and have attracted large numbers of our student body.

October 25—Question Box Meeting, Madge Hinshaw.

November 1—What Constitutes Friendship, Ellouise Ballstadt.

November 8—Reason for World Prayer Week, Jane Weaver.

November 15—Race Prejudice, Mrs. McKee.

November 22—Sportsmanship, Mary Brenneman.

December 6—Student Government, Katherine Macy.

The Y. W. C. A. has conducted vespers twice this fall. On October seventh, the members of the cabinet outlined the work of their committees and Miss Morrison gave a splendid talk on the purpose of Y. W. C. A. work. On November eighteenth, a short play was presented by the members of the cabinet.

Equally interesting work is being planned for next year.

Scattered Family Notes

Mary Warfield '22 is a Sophomore at Mills College, California.

Pauline Tripp '18 was graduated from Oberlin College in June.

Martha Hurd '22 is classed a Sophomore at Oberlin College.

Kathryn Priestly, '20-'21, is taking a Secretarial course at Simmons College, Boston.

Salome Pfleeger '20 is a Senior at the School of Sciences in Purdue.

Frances Zangle, College '22, is attending Southern Branch of the University of California at Los Angeles, majoring in Education.

Shirley Dean, College '23, had to withdraw from Southern Branch of the University of California because of ill health, but she hopes to continue her work at the opening of the second semester. In the meantime she is enjoying the climate of California.

Eleanor Sweatt '19 is a Senior, and Marion Hopkins '22 and Elizabeth Kneeland are Juniors at the Sargent School of Physical Education, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Bernice Clark '04 is teaching Mathematics in the High School at South Bend, Indiana.

Vera Mae Pooley '23 has entered Northwestern School of Music in Evanston, where she is majoring in Voice. She is pledged to Sigma Alpha Iota, a music sorority.

Helen Telfer, '21-'23, is attending High School in Pasadena, California.

Alice King, College '21, is teaching in the public schools at Chicago Heights, Illinois. The RECORD extends sympathy to Alice in the loss of her father in October.

Elizabeth Miles, Expression '21, daughter of Grace Coleman Miles '85, is a Junior in Wellesley College.

Frances Shimer friends sympathize with Helen Burgess '22 in the loss of her mother, who died at her home in Medora, North Dakota, in October.

A new subscriber to the RECORD is Mrs. Alonzo H. Smith, who, as Bertha Rock, was a student in '90-'91. She is now living in Boise, Idaho, where her husband is engaged in the lumber business. Mrs. Smith writes of the death of her daughter, Elizabeth Kathryn, whom she had always planned to send to Frances Shimer.

Lulu Rock Richardson '92-'94 and her husband, Rev. J. C. Richardson, are engaged in educational work in Insulin, India.

The RECORD extends sympathy to Mrs. Helen Mackay Weston '80, whose husband, Mr. Charles Weston, died after a lingering illness on October 31, at Highland Home, the Mackay homestead in Mt. Carroll.

Esther Clark '15 is teaching in a Junior High School in Rockford, Illinois.

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Julia Brittain, College '12, received her M. A. degree from the University of Michigan last year, and is now working towards a Ph. D. which she hopes to receive in June.

Veta Thorpe Nebel, College '14, has resigned her position in the English department of a State Normal School and is continuing her work for the Ph. D. degree in English at the University of Michigan.

Wanda Evans '22 spent the week end of Nov. 10 at the School. She is a Senior in the University of Iowa and was recently elected to membership in the University Players.

Mary Prouty, '22-'23, Helen Dearborn, '21-'22, and Martha Miller, '22-'23, are all spending the winter in Los Angeles. Mary and Helen are attending the high school and Martha, the Page School for Girls.

Florence Hunt '21 is teaching in the public schools at Dixon.

Margaret Dimick, who is enrolled this year, is a great niece of Awilda Eberhardt who was one of the first students of the School.

Kathrena Williams '20, who is a Junior at the Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, has been elected President of the class.

Sue Clark Perkins '05 since the death of her husband has been living with her sister, Bernice Clark '01, in South Bend, Indiana, and teaching in the night schools for foreigners. At the request of the school officials she will shortly return to work in the primary department of the schools where she has previously taught with very great success.

Frances Huling '21-'22 is attending Connecticut College at New London, Connecticut.

Laura Eaton, College '12, is doing departmental teaching in the public schools at Alleman, Iowa. Her roommate there is Edith Wallis, College '18-'19, who is teaching Domestic Science in the same school.

Ruth ("Alabam") Chrissinger '22 is attending the Gregg Business College in Chicago. She lives in Evanston and writes of meeting F. S. S. girls who are at Northwestern.

Frances Coleman '89 has recently opened a gift shop in Mt. Carroll.

Ruth Hastings Wiese '15, of Boston, was a guest at the School between trains on November 13, on her way east from a visit with her father at the old home in Spencer, Iowa.

Glee Hastings '12, after five years of service with the Near East Relief in Turkey and Greece, has resigned her work and is returning to America, stopping in Palestine, Egypt, and points in Europe en route.

The news of the death of Elizabeth Whipple McTaggart '22 at her home in Bloomington on Wednesday, November 7, brought sorrow to her friends at Frances Shimer. She is survived by her husband and a little daughter, Kathryn Anne, four months old, who, her mother had written earlier, "is to be a future Frances Shimer girl."

Ruth Miles Miller '18 is living in Kent, Ohio, where her husband has charge of the Correspondence Study Department in the State Normal School.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Mildred Walker was graduated from the University of Iowa last June and is teaching Oral English in the High School at Maquoketa, Iowa.

Harriett Shirk Wells '89 of Marshalltown, Iowa, visited the School in November.

Lola Dynes, College '21, is head of the Department of Home Economics in the State Teachers' College at Valley City, N. D.

Rose Demmon '90 is spending the winter in Washington, D. C.

Alice McAnulty '19-'20 was graduated from Maryville College in Tennessee last June, receiving the B. A. degree.

Bertha Corbett '16, instructor in Home Economics in the Mt. Carroll Community High School, represented the Northwest section of Illinois at a recent meeting of the State "Ways and Means" committee. The work of the group was to devise plans for the advancement of Home Economics work.

"At the Sign of the Pewter Jug," a new play written by Harriet Nase Connell '89 has just been published.

Helen Burgess '22 has entered Miss Wood's Primary Training School in Minneapolis.

Emily Maloney '12 is teaching music in the public schools at Savanna, Illinois. She writes of a visit with Miss Howard, former instructor in Voice, at her home in Cleveland, Ohio.

Priscilla Kizer '22 has entered the Nurses' Training School of St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago.

The Misses Effie and Undine Shaw have taken an apartment in the North Shore in Chicago, where they are spending the winter.

Julia Jennison, '22-'23, is at home this year in Twin Falls, Idaho.

Julia Schaaie '07 was married last June to Lieutenant Paul Mahoney of Denver, where they are now residing.

Dell Halderman '01 is spending the winter with friends in Florida.

Sara Ann Brown, College '19-'20, was graduated in August from Iowa State College at Ames.

Mrs. Terresa Jacobs Graham '59-'61, one of the earliest students in the School, died on November 12, 1923, at her home in Grundy Center, Iowa.

Miss Louise M. Slee, teacher of Art in Mt. Carroll Seminary days, sailed from New York on November 27 on the S. S. "Arabic" for an indefinite stay. She plans to spend the winter in Sicily, at Palermo and Terranova, the summer in the mountains of Italy, and go to Rome for the following winter. Her permanent address is in care of American Express, Naples, Italy.

Friends have recently heard from Mrs. A. J. Hovey, who as Miss Clara Dutton was a teacher of an earlier day. She and her husband live at their country home near Wolcott, New York.

Anna Reese '06 spent the summer abroad selling wheat to European

markets. Her travel included visits in several cities in England, and in Paris, Brussels, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Amsterdam and Hamburg. Miss Reese has for several years been a most successful grain dealer in America, buying for export business, but this was her first visit to foreign markets.

Marion LeBron '18 writes: "You will be interested to know that I stopped over for two days in Hastings, Michigan, this summer on my way to the Maine coast to exchange greetings with my old 'roomy' Marguerite Hall. She is exactly the same as ever, and it was such fun to see her again. She is at home this year, and I hope is managing to get a firm hold on that elusive fellow, good health."

"This fall I saw 'Chivy' Chiverton—dear old idealist! She is teaching first graders and loves it so much that she can hardly bear to take a vacation. She had with her a letter to us both from 'Wann' Shrack who sounded as if she had not lost a single pound of good-naturedness during these five years.

"I am still in Galena and the head of English and Journalism this year. Every bit of the work is a pleasure, but at night I am more ready for sleep than anything else.

"Do you ever hear anything from Molly Womack Zastrow?"

Dorothea von Oven '23, Margaret Wasson '23, Dorothy Duncan '23 and Theodora Mitchell '22-'23 came back to School for the Thanksgiving Prom.

Nellie Foster '97 and Gertrude Board '97 visited Mrs. Hazzen during the summer at her home in Lynn, Massachusetts.

Marriages

Edna Shelby '16-'17 to Mr. Elmar Theodor Swanson on Oct. 20, 1923, at New Richmond, Indiana. At home 953 North Pine Ave., Chicago.

Helen Dorothy Bloomer '21 to Mr. Clarence Edward Barnett on October 27, 1923, at Keithsburg, Illinois. At home, Gary, Indiana.

Births

To Mr. and Mrs. Hugh E. Black (Beatrice Brown '18) a son, August 15, 1923, at La Salle, Illinois.

To Mr. and Mrs. Howard Yount (Helen Zick '21) a daughter, Wilma Louise, on October 3, 1923, at West Milton, Ohio.

To Mr. and Mrs. Rollin Curtis Hawkes (Eleanor Currie '18) a son, David Hoadley, November 20, 1923, at Duluth, Minn.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Holbrook Crocker (Miriam Flint '15) a son, John, November 19, 1923, at Decatur, Illinois.



"More Truth Than Poetry"

"Gobble! Gobble! Gobble!" said
friend Turk to Harry.

"Come here, old turk, you certainly
are contrary.

"I'm going to wring your neck
so the Shimer Girls can eat.

"Turkey meat," said Harry, "would
be a treat."

But then the old turkey began to
pout and scowl

He said, "Why pick on me? There's
lots of other fowl."

Now this is the reason why
on Thanksgiving Day

We Shimer Girls have chicken,
Mr. Turkey had his way.

Madge Hinshaw, Academy '24.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Here's one on me.

Joke Column Sufferer: "Where do you get your jokes?"

Me: "Oh, just out of the air."

Joke Column Sufferer: "Well, I'd suggest you get some fresh air."

Madge: "We have a cuckoo clock in our room."

Rosie: "Ours won't work either."

A green little Junior in a green little way
Stole the Seniors' precious Nebby away;
Now the green little grasses tenderly wave
Oe'r the green little Junior's green little grave.

Might Be Much Worse

A deaf man was being married, and the minister asked the usual question, "Do you take this woman for your lawful wife?"

"Eh?" queried the deaf man.

"Do you take this woman for your lawful wife?" This time a bit louder.

The groom seemed to get angry. "Oh I don't know," he said, "she ain't so awful. I've seen wuss than her that didn't have as much money."

Phyllis: "I always sleep with gloves on. That's why my hands are so soft."

Helene: "Do you wear a night cap, too?"

Sayings of the Great

Adam—"It was a great life if you didn't weaken."

Plutarch—"I am sorry I have no more lives to give to my country."

Samson—"I'm strong for you, kid."

Jonah—"You can't keep a good man down."

Cleopatra—"You're an easy Mark Anthony."

David—"The bigger they are the harder they fall."

Helen of Troy—"So this is Paris."

Columbus—"I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way."

Nero—"Keep the home fires burning."

Solomon—"I love the ladies."

Noah—"It floats."

Methuselah—"The first hundred years are the hardest."

Queen Elizabeth to Sir Walter Raleigh—"Keep your shirt on."

The Truth

A Hebrew small storekeeper to the surprise of his brethren, suddenly decorated his window with a gorgeous new blind.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

"Nice blind of yours, Isaac," quoth his neighbor.

"Yes, Aaron."

"Who paid for it, Isaac?"

"The customers paid for it, Aaron. I put a lidle box on the counter and marked it 'For the Blind,' and they paid for it."

Ella: "Who is this E. Pluribus Unum?"

Father: "I don't know, but I don't like these men who split their names in the middle."

If it were not
For this here verse
There'd be a joke here
Ten times worse.

From College English I paper: "When writing the life of someone, it is well to give not only facts but interesting antidotes."

Unearthed in English II: "How did Portia figure in the Bond Story?"

"She figured that Antonio would get the money."

Miss Swetil in "Health Class:"

"Left knee, upward bend."

"Right knee, upward bend."

"Very good—now—Both knees upward bend."

A Brief Survey

It was night—a rather cool one
When we alighted from the train,
The taxis parked beside the tracks,
Their passengers to gain.

We clamored for a seat therein,
Not knowing at the time,
That that might be our last fond ride,
Which now would seem sublime.

Upon arriving at F. S. S.
The buildings looked so big,
We stood quite dumb, I must confess
For indeed we were fatigued.

That first night spent in our strange new home,
Is one we can't forget,

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

And though we vowed no more to roam
We like it now, you bet.

Virginia McConnell, College '25.

Dear Q. T.	Geoffrey	Was so
The other	Alias Madge	Eternally
Night	To say	Thrilled that
Saturday in	Nothing of	I think
Fact I	Brother	It must have
And my	Anthony	Been a
Date and	And all	"Meller" drama
Another girl	The rest	And in
Went over	I know	Between the
To Metcalf	Positively	Trills and
And planted	That even	Heart-throbs
Ourselves	The most	The only
In the	Otherwise	Thing that
Bald-headed	Sane and	I'd suggest
Row for the	Non thrillable	Is that
Senior	Creatures	Next time
Play which	Had a	There be a
We heard	Complete	Time limit
Was going	Attack of	Placed on
To be a	Heart Failure	All kisses
Knockout	And romantic	Minimum
And it	At the sight	Three minutes
Was one	Of those	As the
And all	Sheiks	Ones the
If you didn't	They said	Other night
Fall for Peter	It was	Were not
Sparrow I	A comedy	Nearly long
Mean Swallow	In three	Enough
You surely	Acts but	I thank you.
Did for	Everybody	L. A. Z.

Exchanges

New Trier News, New Trier High School, Kenilworth, Ill.
Gustavian Weekly, Gustavus Adolphus College, St. Peter, Minn.
Emerson College News, Boston.
Emerson Quarterly, Boston.
Thyme and Lavender, Drew Seminary, Carmel, N. Y.
Red and White, Todd Seminary, Woodstock, Ill.
Blue and White, Dubuque, Iowa, University.
Trail Blazer, Vincennes, Indiana, University.
Mary Baldwin Miscellany, Mary Baldwin Seminary, Staunton, Va.
The Denisonion, Denison University, Granville, Ohio.
University Record, University of Chicago.
Jabberwock, Girls' Latin School, Boston.
Ferry Tales, Ferry Hall, Lake Forest, Ill.
Purple Parrot, Rockford, Illinois, College.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Sun Dial, Cleveland College for Women.
Colowoco, Colorado Women's College, Denver, Col.
Parsons College Bulletin, Fairfield, Iowa.
Sinsinawa, Santa Clara Academy, Sinsinawa, Wis.
Onieda Mountaineer, Oniedd College, Onieda, Kentucky.
The Breeze, Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass.
The Tradesman, Boston High School of Commerce.
Rosary College Eagle, River Forest, Illinois.
Wabash Record-Bulletin, Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Ind.
Virginia Intermont Cauldron, Bristol, Va.
The Ottawa Campus, Ottawa, Kansas, University.
Daily Maroon, University of Chicago.
Triangle, Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y.

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